

Puck

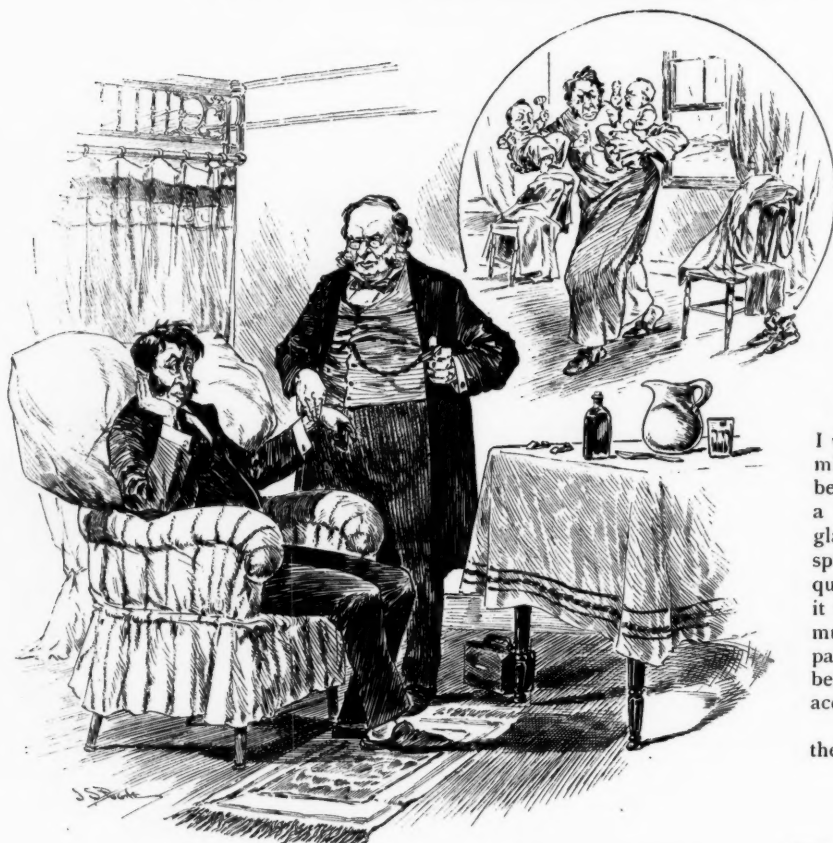
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TOO MUCH LIKE CÆSAR.

CASSIUS REED (to BRUTUS MCKINLEY).—Upon what meat doth this our Benjamin feed, that he hath grown so great?

PUCK



A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

"That man yonder with the sour face looks like a temperance lecturer or a prohibitionist," said Hojack to Tomdik. "I've a notion to ask him to take a drink, just for fun."

"Go ahead."

Hojack approached the suspected teetotaler and said:

"Will you join me in a glass of whiskey, sir?"

The man addressed frowned slightly and made this reply:

"Sir, it would be impossible for me to join you in a glass of whiskey."

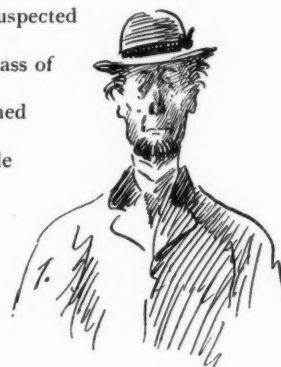
"Oh, I meant no offense!

I beg pardon," began Hojack —

"Hear me out, sir, if you please.

I was about to say, if you had permitted me to go on, that it would be impossible for me to join you in a glass of whiskey, because such a glass would not hold either of us, not to speak of both, even if it were advisable for us to enter such cramped quarters, which it is not. If, however, as I infer to be the case, it was your polite and hospitable intention to invite me to drink as much whiskey as can be contained in a glass, coincidentally with your partaking of a similar quantity of that refreshing and exhilarating beverage, you to defray the expenses of the same, I am ready to accept your invitation without further delay."

Whereupon the two moved toward the bar, and Tomdik joined them.



UNNECESSARY PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR.—I should prescribe for you a walk before breakfast.

MR. POPLEIGH.—Good heavens, Doctor! That 's the matter with me now. I have to take too many walks before breakfast.

THE STATESMAN'S GARDEN.



IN THE statesman's mental garden
Luscious flowers ripple free,
And he smiles to hear the buzzing
Of the Presidential bee.

For that bee about his garden
Booms on light and airy wing —
Booms his hopes until he never
Dreams about its final sting.

R. K. M.

A SUGGESTION.

FIRST LAWYER.—There is no doubt that the jury system needs reform.

SECOND LAWYER.—I think so. It seems to me that when there is a serious dispute as to whether a talesman should be accepted as a juror, another jury ought to be called to decide the question.

IN THE SQUALL.

FIRST YACHTSMAN.—By Jove! If this keeps up we may as well bottle up a message to send to our friends.

SECOND YACHTSMAN.—If it comes to that, Jones, be sure not to use a beer bottle. Let 'em know we had champagne.

THE DOCTOR makes hay fever pay while the sun shines.

A POLITICIAN MUST have a genius for explanation.

THE UNEXPECTED happens often enough to show us that we don't know it all.

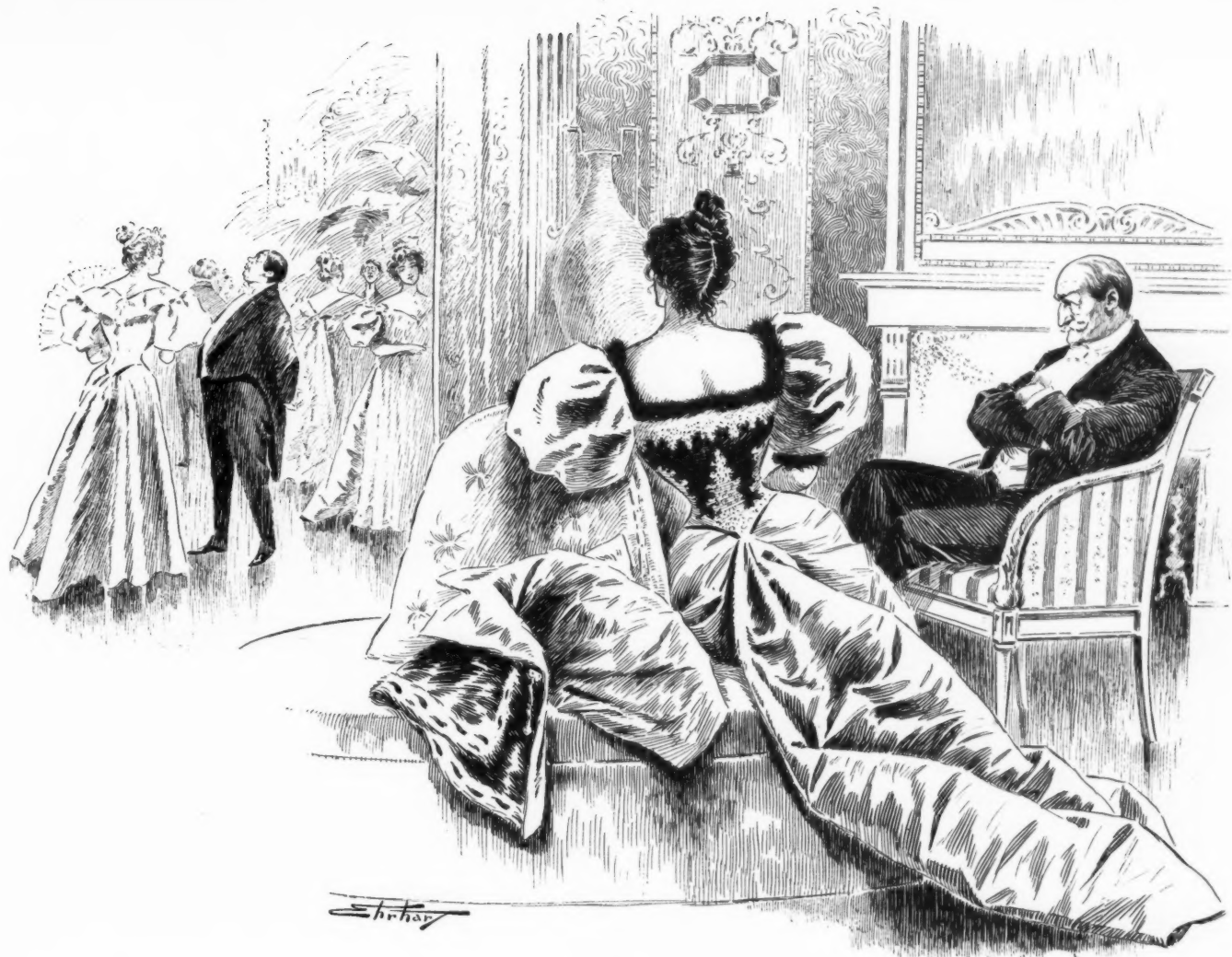


"THEY DO SUCH THINGS—"

WAITER.—Well, sir, we have terrapin, canvas back duck, quail on toast, and broiled ortolans!

FARMER GREENE (*faintly*).—Y' hain't got no pork an' beans hev ye?

WAITER.—We *can* cook you some to order, sir. (*shouting*). P-O-R-K A-N-D!!



A VACUUM.

SHE. — Van Poser is so empty, don't you think?
HE. — He seems very full of himself.
SHE. — That 's what I mean.



ON MISSIONARY GROUND.

GOOD LADY. — Now, little boy; who made you?
FIRST KINKY-HEADED BOY (*with a charming, toothy smile*). — Dunno'm.
LADY. — God made you, child.
FIRST BOY. — Yes'm.
LADY (*to SECOND BOY*). — Who was the meekest man?
SECOND BOY. — Dunno'm.
LADY. — Why, Moses! — Moses was the meekest man. You must really try to remember *Moses*, for I shall ask you again.
SECOND BOY. — Yes'm.
LADY (*to THIRD BOY*). — Who was the strongest man?
THIRD BOY. — Dunno'm.
LADY. — Why, I told you last Sunday! Samson! Samson!
THIRD BOY. — Yes'm.
LADY (*recapitulating*). — Now, tell me who made you?
SECOND BOY. — Moses.
LADY (*in despair*). — Oh, no! no!
SECOND BOY. — Yes'm; Moses *did* make me. Dat ar boy what Gord made, he done gone to git er drink.

A DOWDY!

FIRST NEW WOMAN. — That Smith girl always was a dowdy.
SECOND DITTO. — Yes; one never sees her with a perfect crease in her bloomers.

REMARKABLE!

MIRIAM. — Now you are out here, at Lonesomehurst, you must fairly revel in fresh vegetables, dear!
MILICENT (*rapturously*). — We do! Would you believe it? (*impressively*.) We can buy them almost as cheaply here as we could in the city!

PLAYWRIGHT. — Have you read my play?

MANAGER. — Yes; I read it in the original about ten years ago.



A FOOL QUESTION

ISAACHEIMER. — Vot ridigulous questions dose ingome-tax people asked ven dey vos dryin' to collect it!
COHENSTEIN. — Vich questions?
ISAACSTEIN. — Vy dey wanted to know if you had any losses by fire vich vos not covered mit insurance.

A DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

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MR. SPROCKETS (*during his courtship*). — Ah, Miss Handlebarr, how sweet it would be to go through life together thus! I would never weary with your fairy form always before me!



MR. SPROCKETS (*two years after marriage*). — I tell you what it is, Julia, at the rate you're gaining flesh, we'll have to get separate wheels right away, or I'll be a broken-down man!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SUBURBANITE.



HE INTELLIGENT STRANGER from Australia was lunching with his New York friend at a downtown restaurant, and was looking about him with curious interest.

"You seem to know most of the people who come here," he remarked to his host, and there are one or two of them about whom I should like to know something. Who, for instance, is that gentleman over there who is so — so —" The Australian hesitated.

"So noisy and overbearing?" suggested his friend.

"Well, yes," replied the Australian; "though I should hardly have put it that way, for I noticed that you and he exchanged salutations."

"Exchanged salutations!" repeated his friend, bitterly. "You mean, I suppose, that I bowed to him with meekness and humility and that he rewarded me with a slight and almost contemptuous nod?"

"Well, yes," returned the guest, doubtfully; "it did seem a little bit that way. I suppose that he is a person of considerable distinction — possibly of great attainments."

"He has n't a distinction to his name," said the New Yorker, with deep feeling in his tones. "He's as ignorant as a blind puppy and as vulgar as a salesman in a Bowery clothing store; but that does n't prevent his being one of the haughtiest suburban residents I ever met. Why, man, he owns the best corner lot in Garden-seed-by-the-Hackensack!"

"And does that constitute," demanded the stranger in amazement, "a claim to social superiority in the great and powerful city of New York?"

"It does, indeed, in these days," replied the New Yorker, sadly, "though it was only a few years ago that I can remember that man as

meek and humble as you see me now. But those were in the days when I lived in my own house a block and a half from Fifth Avenue, in a pleasant side street. Then — then all was different! Then it was for him, the low suburban, the humble bundle-carrier, the catcher of trains, the player of "penny harps," to cringe before me and envy me my lordly home; but hard time and high rents have changed all that. Two years ago I had to sell my house and rent another in a more modest quarter. Block by block I moved nearer to the North River. Month by month I have moved from one unpretentious abode to another even poorer. To-day I occupy a flat

in the eleventh story of the last apartment house in the street. I can not complain of my lot; there are still three stories above me to which I may retreat; and I have wealthy neighbors to keep me company. A Standard Oil man occupies the flat below, and there is a Sugar Trust official below him again. There is also a Chicago millionaire on the first floor who expects soon to get the janitor's job, and to move down into the basement. I suppose, however," he concluded with a sigh, "that he will cut me then."

"And where, may I ask," demanded the Australian in astonishment, "are all the well-to-do business men who had houses of their own in New York when I was here last?"

"Living out in the suburbs and pretending they like it," responded the other, wearily; "and the only consolation is that they are getting their own rents so high that they will have to move on to the backwoods themselves, pretty soon."

IN THESE DAYS.

"What is a fad?"
"One's pet sin."

TRUTH IS not stranger than good fiction.



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MAKING THINGS HOME-LIKE.

OFFICER (*in front of a Philadelphia hotel at 10:30 P. M.*). — Hey there, you! What are you making all this noise for?

BOYS. — Why, there's a man up in dat room from New York, an' he's hired us to make dis racket. He says things are so quiet here he can't get to sleep.

"DON'T YOU think Pastor Guffey is lovely?"

"Yes, indeed: what beautiful synonyms he has for sin!"



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HIS TROUBLE.

RISING YOUNG AUTHOR (*angrily*).— Confound these autograph fiends! They make me sick.

HIS WIFE.— But, Henry, you have n't had a request for your autograph for a month.

RISING YOUNG AUTHOR (*still more angrily*).— That 's just what I 'm kicking about!

ROUGE and paint and powder
On her dresser find a place;
It 's a question, merely, whether she
Or time shall change her face.



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A GIGANTIC MIND.

RESTFUL REAGAN.— Say, that Happy Hogan 's got der intelleck, I tell yer wot!

SATURATED SAM.— Wot 's 'e a bin doin' now?

RESTFUL REAGAN.— He was robbin' a bee-hive an' his hand got stung an' swelled; an' he lays down an' hollers he 's snake-bit, and den (*in an unctuous whisper*) a crowd o' jays come runnin' and made 'im drink a quart o' whiskey!

THE WAY HE RECKONED IT.

SMITHERS (*approvingly*).— Fine old wine, this!

RINKTUM.— Old? Well, I 've owed the dealer for that wine for seventeen years.

HE KNEW BETTER.

PILGARLIC.— Oh! the English titles, you know, are not like the Continental ones. They can't be bought.

VAN BULLION.— Can't, eh? I know it cost me nearly half a million to get one for Matilda Jane.



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A WARNING.

FIRST OFFICE BOY (*after waiting two hours for a bite*).— I wish these fish would hurry up an' bite; I 've got a letter to deliver in a hurry.

SECOND OFFICE BOY.— Say, look here Smithy; if youse don't stop worryin' over yer business affairs, an' bein' so attentive, youse 'll git nervous prostration!

A WEAK BROTHER.

THEOSOPHIST.— How did you like Dr. Faraway's address at our last meeting?

NEOPHYTE.— Oh, it was a good enough address, but it was n't exactly theosophic. Why, I understood nearly all of it!

A JUNE THOUGHT

The poet sings in glowing rapture pent,
While the white clouds in airy grace unfurl:
"Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by the Summer girl!"

EASILY ACCOMPLISHED.

MRS. SUNKLANDS (*an Arkansas matron*).— I hear tell that Jim Clayeatoh says he 's goin' to move his fam'ly back to Gawgy as soon as he kin settle up his affairs.

MR. SUNKLANDS.— Settle up his affairs? Why, Lawd! All in the world he 's got to do is to po' a gourdful of water on the fire an' call the dawgs.



HIS CRITICISM.



"MISS PENSMTIH," said the Able Editor, kindly, "the rejection of your manuscript, entitled 'The Last Feather,' should not be understood to imply that it has been found to be wholly lacking in merit. On the contrary, in style of composition and treatment of subject it is both artistic and interesting. Your portrayal of the fond hopes of the struggling young genius as he penned the 'Ode to Spring' is full of a sweet and tender sentimentality, while your description of his drooping lashes and flowing locks is worthy of the late Bertha M. Clay."

The beautiful young authoress acknowledged the compliment with a slight inclination of her head.

"The facile transition from the sentimental to the tragic," continued the Able Editor, in his deep, rich tones, "is masterly; and the description of the young poet's encounter with the brutal editor, and of his subsequent demise in a lonely garret, from a combination of disappointment and starvation, presents a deft and delightful co-mingling of pathos and humor — er — er — I mean — ah — sentiment, as it were. And I will add that your chirography is quite good enough to go in a copy-book. But, you will pardon me, Miss Pensmith —"

He bowed in a deprecatory way.

"— if I offer the criticism that the tale is a trifle too long for our purpose and displays certain elaborations and redundancies not absolutely essential to the delineation of the motif. The story will bear condensing to a considerable extent without impairing the strength of the plot. For instance —"

The Able Editor whirled half-way around in his revolving chair and wrote a few words:

"Verse.
Curse.
Hearse."

"Now, Miss Pensmith," he resumed, handing the beautiful young authoress the slip of paper upon which he had just written, "if you will condense its present length of four thousand seven hundred words to these three, we shall be glad to insert the result at the top of our humorous column, and pay you fifty cents for it upon publication."

Tom P. Morgan.

SUSPICIOUS.

JONES.—I have decided to join the church.

BROWN.—What have you been doing?

HEADING HIM OFF.

JASPAR.—Children often say very funny things.

JUMPUPPE (*guardedly*).—Yes; but never funny enough to be repeated.

HE THOUGHT NOT.

WILLIS.—Was Brown on his way to church when you saw him?

WALLACE.—I imagine not. He was in a hurry.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

SMITH.—I'll tell you why I think that stock is sure to go up.

JONES.—Why?

SMITH.—Because I could n't put up any more margin, and they've sold me out.



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A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

MRS. NOSEGAY.—Those people in No. 13 are going to move to-day. Now, I'll see what kind of furniture they've got. Oh, here comes the van, now!



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MERELY A MATTER OF HABIT.

EASTERN MAN.—You Kentuckians don't use taste.

COL. JAGHOLDER.—No; if the color is right we chance it.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

JACK FORD.—When I let Frank Ferris have that five dollars, he said he could n't pay me for a week or ten days.

TOM DE WITT.—And how long ago was that?

JACK FORD.—About three months.

TOM DE WITT.—Well, Frank may be hard up, but at all events he's no liar.

NO APPRENTICE WORK FOR HIM.

HOGABOOM (*of Chicago*).—Have you any of Preraphael's pictures?

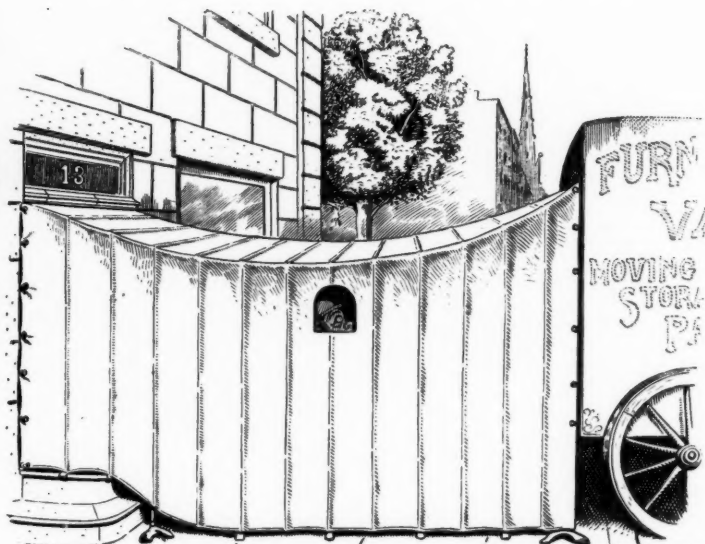
DEALER.—Ah! we have some pictures, sir, of the pre-Raphaelite school.

HOGABOOM.—Oh, that won't do at all! I can get plenty of those anywhere. What I want is one guaranteed to be by old Preraphael himself, sir.

THE BENEFIT DERIVED.

JASPAR.—Bighead has studied history critically.

JUMPUPPE.—What a great many things he must know to be untrue!



(But the van had a patent vestibule attachment.)



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Wednesday, June 19th, 1895. - No. 954.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BENJAMIN H. CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter CASSIUS T. REED and BRUTUS W. MCKINLEY.

- CASSIUS.**—Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
That he hath grown so great? We petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves unnoticed in the shuffle.
- BRUTUS.**—Speak for yourself, please, Cassius. As to legs—
I may with modesty observe that *mine*
Have frequently excited kindly comment.
- CASSIUS.**—I spoke but in a way of speech, good Brutus.
Those spindling shanks, good friend, are to thine own
As is his head to thine.
- BRUTUS.**—You're kind to say so.
- CASSIUS.**—The legs I spake of were the legs unseen
Of popularity, whereon he stalks
High o'er our heads, lost in the throng below him.
- BRUTUS.**—I had not noticed, Cassius, I was lost.
- CASSIUS.**—Perhaps thou art not. No one I have heard of
Hath advertised for thee.
- BRUTUS.**—But you were speaking
Of Benjamin H. Cæsar's dietary?
- CASSIUS.**—Ay! of his dietary, literal Brutus!
Ay! of his dietary, fat-wit Brutus!
Ay! of his dietary, Ohio Brutus!
For see, he swallows Platt upon Millholland;
Brookfield, Depew and Morton at a meal,—
And for a modest after-dinner snifter,
Drinks the mad plaudits of the sovereign people!—
The stupid, silly, shuffling sovereign people—
Who have forgotten ME!
- BRUTUS.**—Us?
- CASSIUS.**—Well, you, too.
- BRUTUS.**—Excuse me, Cassius; I had not observed
Any appreciable diminution
In *my* most gratifying popularity.
- CASSIUS.**—Nor wouldst thou, dullard Brutus, if thou lay'st
Flat in the lowest depths of the tureen,
Gazing toward heaven through the mulligatawny!
But, hark you, Brutus! When you set your grip-sack
Upon the hotel desk, and signed your name—
What cried the Clerk?
- BRUTUS.**—"Front! 790 annex!"
- CASSIUS.**—Mine is 890 on the rearward bastion.
That tells the tale. For, wouldst thou feel the pulse
That tells the people's heart-beat—wouldst thou see
The index of their meaning and intent—
Ask the Hotel Clerk!
- BRUTUS.**—(reflectively.) That seems fair.
- CASSIUS.**—It is!
And where is he, this idol of the people—
This Benjamin H. Cæsar. What's *his* number?
- BRUTUS.**—I' faith, I think he has the large apartment
Marked No. 1, ground floor. I think they call it
The Bridal Suite—
- CASSIUS.**—Ay! the Hotel Clerk knows!

THE G. A. R. THE FOLLOWING letter refers to the double-page
AND PUCK. cartoon in PUCK of May 29th:

OFFICE OF JOHN HEINE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF WINES.
CINCINNATI, May 31st, 1895.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

We, the veterans of the late war and subscribers of your PUCK for fifteen years, demand an apology from you for having such nonsense in your last week's issue. We know that there are some so-called G. A. R. element deriving a pension from the Government that is the *Bum Element*. You must bear in mind that there is a good many Honorable Citizens in Cincinnati, Ohio, that belong to the G. A. R., and served three years and one hundred days, and receive absolutely no Pensions whatever.

We demand an early answer to this missive, and, if not attended to by June 15th, 1895, we will bring it before all of the Grand Army Posts in Hamilton County.

Very truly,

JOHN HEINE, JR.
JOHN HEINE, SR.
JOHN SCHMIDT.

PUCK can not make the desired apology. His cartoons are not dashed off in haste and anger. They are based on facts, and every one of them is the fruit of deliberation. In the present instance we sincerely hope that the signers of the above letter have kept their promise to bring the matter "before all of the Grand Army posts in Hamilton County." We hope, further, that the cartoon in question has been brought before every G. A. R. post in the country. They need it. PUCK's policy always has been, and is, to help every good cause. As to what causes are worthy of his help and to what extent they are worthy, he alone must be the judge. He has been the friend of organized labor, yet he has never hesitated to criticize it when it behaved foolishly. He has been a friend of the Democratic party, yet he has never hesitated to flay that party when it was false to its principles. He has been a friend to the Church, yet he has never hesitated to strike at the fanaticism which the Church undeniably breeds. And he has been a friend of the Grand Army of the Republic; so good a friend that he has put forth his best efforts to keep it out of the mire in which it finds itself to-day. If this order, originally formed to nourish patriotic memories, to stimulate national pride, to strengthen fraternal ties among the men that fought and bled for a principle and their country, is to-day regarded by the people as a vast pension bureau, it is not PUCK's fault. And because PUCK criticises an order, a sect or a class, it does not follow that he believes every individual member thereof to be unworthy. He has had occasion to denounce the Catholic Church for its attempted interference with our public schools, yet he knows there are good and honest men in the Catholic Church. He has frequently denounced the Republican party, yet he is sure there are honest Republicans. And, when he criticises the Grand Army of the Republic for its greed and its dishonesty, he does not forget that its ranks still contain patriots. But the worthy members of that order are surely to be blamed for allowing the unworthy members to remain in their ranks, and they can not complain if they are forced to share in the disgrace that those unworthy members bring upon the whole order. PUCK pointed out this danger ten years ago. His warning was not heeded. Steadily, year by year, the honest veterans have passed away and their places have been taken by men who traded on their memories. These men have gone far to deliver the order over to the pension agents. In 1893, Farnham Post, in New York City, was actually expelled from the order for passing a resolution denouncing pension abuses. One of the results of this policy is that the United States, thirty years after the close of the war, is paying pensions to over three hundred thousand more men than ever enlisted in the Confederate army. Another result is that cartoons such as the one in question find a sympathetic public. And so we say to John Heine, and to all who have the good of the Grand Army of the Republic at heart: put PUCK's cartoon before every post in the country, and let them see how a large part of the people has come to regard them.



OF A HIGHER VALUE.

SON.—Father, is the position of Senator higher than that of Congressman?

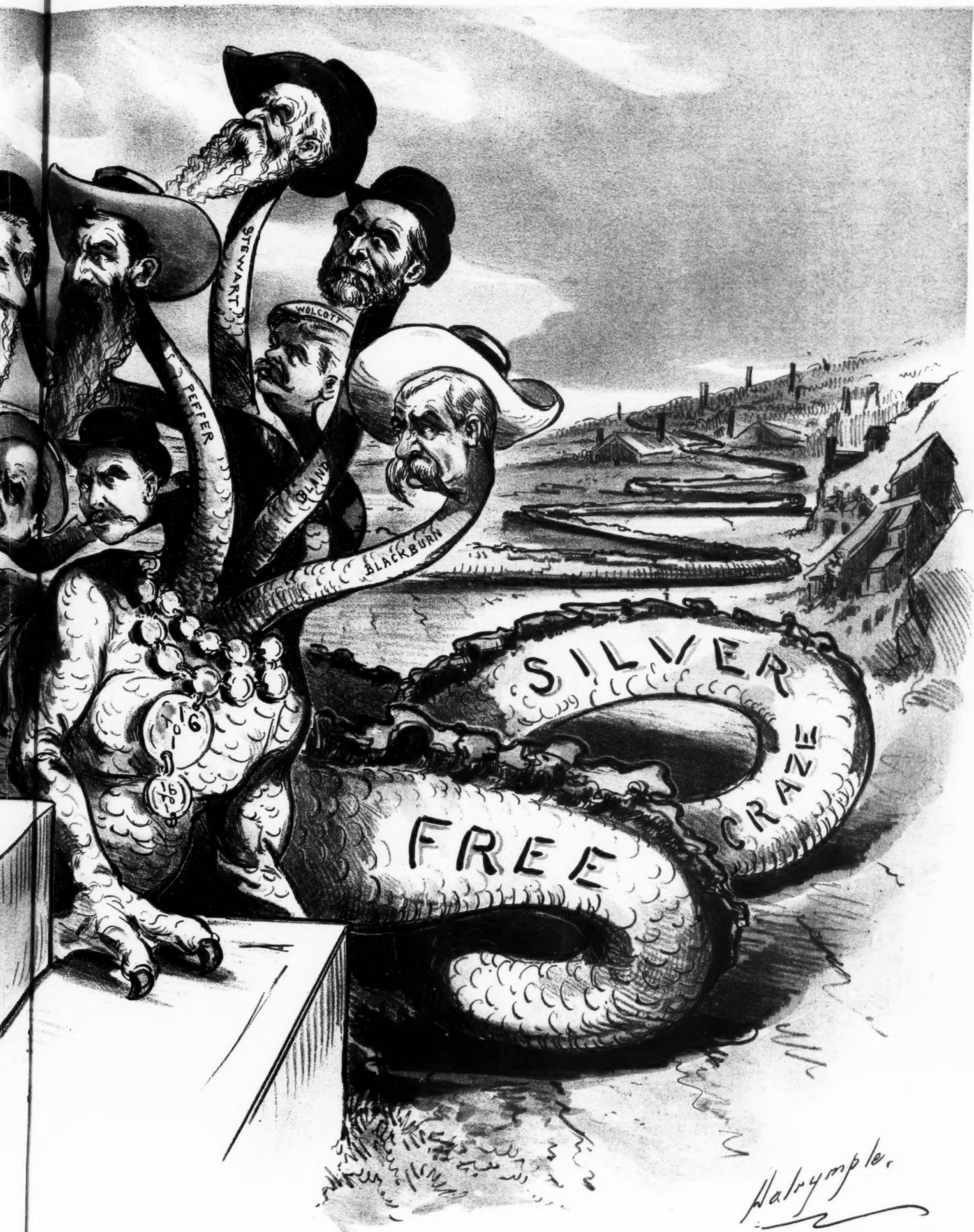
FATHER.—It comes higher, my boy.



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IT CAN NOT PASS WHILE

UCK



WHILE HE IS THERE.



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IN THE ART GALLERY.

D'AUBER (*enthusiastically*).—Just look at that "River Nymph!" Does n't it show character?

AUNT JANE (*from Wayback, severely*).—No; it does n't! And I don't believe any girl that would git her picter took that way ever had any!

PERSIFLAGE.

"SHALL NEED quite a good many clothes this Fall," said the young man who seemed to have sauntered in casually. "I needed a good many last Fall; in fact," he continued, "I'm not sure but the ones I shall need this Fall are the same ones I needed last Fall."

"Ah, ha!" said the salesman, as politely as he could.

"Yes. I just came in to look around. You can buy an overcoat pretty cheap now, can't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I thought like enough you could, being right in the business as you are. You're lucky. Say! I want to ask—seems to me I smell smoke."

"I think not."

"Something smoking in here, sure."

"I don't think so."

"What are those things on that counter over there?"

"Smoking jackets."

"Ah! I was about to ask you a question. If I should order a suit of clothes to be at my house this day week, would it obey orders?"

"Deliver a suit any time you say," said the salesman, glancing involuntarily at the "Strictly C. O. D." placard.

"Would you send it up quietly and without ostentation of any kind?"

"Of course."

"I ask because the last time I ordered a hat here you sent a band up to the house with it. By the way, a hat is one of the things I need. I've been waiting for my ship to come in until my yachtin' cap is a little unseasonable. Think of my being reduced to one hat! I generally wear seven, or seven and an eighth. Hot, ain't it?"



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A KINDNESS.

LITTLE WILLY.—Dear me! It never gets dark down there in that water, and those poor little fish can't go to sleep. Now, I bet they'll think it is night!

"Dog days' weather," said the salesman, stifling a yawn with his hand.

"How do your standing collars stand this weather?"

"If you'll excuse me for about two hours," said the salesman, "I'll go and wait on some of these people."

"All right," replied the stranger, cheerily; "I'll go and wait on the sidewalk."

C. H. Augur.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CUSTOMER.—I like that umbrella stand, but I don't think it is worth three dollars.

SALESMAN.—Why, Madam, the very first umbrella that is left in it may be worth more than that.

HER WATCHFUL MAMA.

SHE.—This is so sudden! You must ask Mama.

HE.—Oh, that's all right! She has given me several hints already.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

THE SILENT PARTNER (*angrily*).—Vot you mean, Cohenstein, —only tryin' to make von sale mit dot chay! Did n't you see it vas a twentdy-dollar pill he paidt you out of?

COHENSTEIN (*concisely*).—Yes; undt I hadt my heardt chumping to change dot money before he change his mindt!

MAGISTRATE.—Why did your father whip your mother?

BOY.—Dunno, 'cept Ma was overtrained.

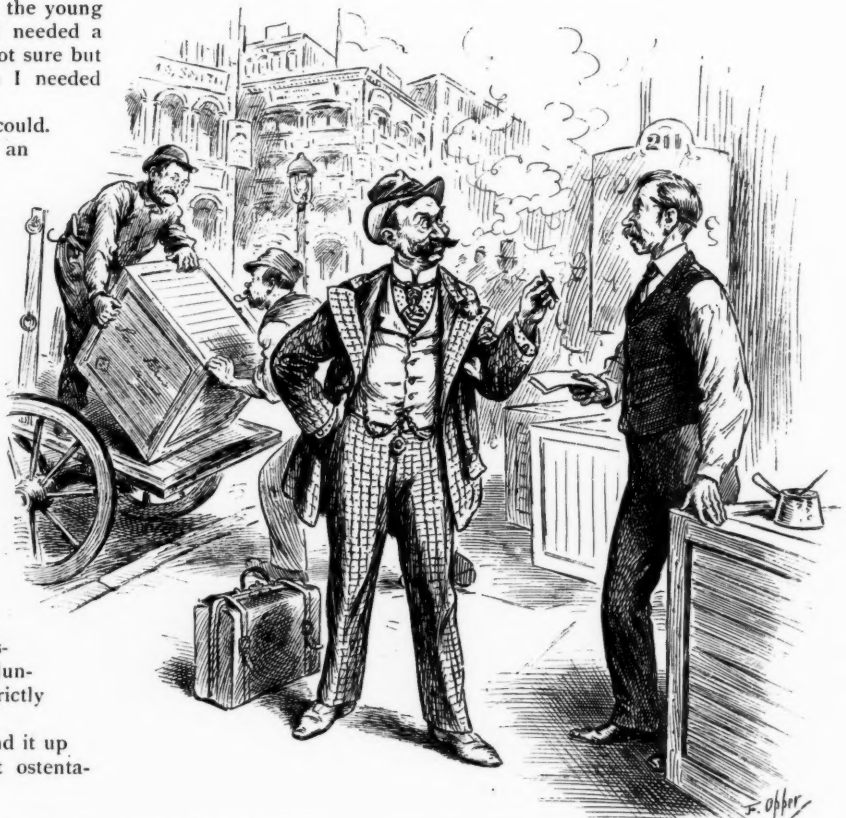
LIBELING THE FEATHERED CREATION.

"Birds in their little nests agree;"

Then he must be a liar

Who slanderously refers to them

As "Nature's tuneful choir."



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SATISFACTORY.

FRIEND.—Did you have a successful trip?

DRUMMER.—Fine! I've got a dozen new stories!

IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

The stage drew up in front of the piazza of the Summer hotel. It was too true, there *was* a man inside. The two dozen young ladies rushed forward and welcomed him with extravagant demonstrations of joy.

"This," said the young man, as he straightened the crease in his lion tamer's trousers, "this is a pretty how de' do!"

One could not have told if he smiled or frowned.

PUCK.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.
(From the Daily Papers, May 9th.)
WONDERFUL ARMOR, THIS!

TWENTY 15-INCH RINKYDINK ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILES
SHATTER AGAINST IT LIKE GLASS.
A SUCCESSFUL TEST AT INDIAN HEAD.



NOTHER CONTRACT for naval material was closed to-day by the government for the acceptance of three lots of the wonderful Huckabuck armor plate, as a result of the trials at Indian Head yesterday.

The naval authorities were enthusiastic over the results obtained, and claim that at last, thanks to the wonderful Huckabuck process, we have an invulnerable armor plate for our

battle ships.

The tests were successful beyond even the expectations of the Huckabuck Company. Altogether ten shots were fired.

The projectiles used were the famous Rinkydink steel, armor-piercing projectiles, said to be the best in the world. The first five shots were fired at a velocity 1,800 feet per second. The second five at 2,000 feet velocity. The mighty missiles were crushed like egg shells; and, after all the firing, an examination showed that the plate, a 12-inch one, was only slightly cracked at one corner and bulged slightly at the back, thus showing marvelous resisting power.

(From the Daily Papers a Month Later.)

SUCCESSFUL TEST!

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF THE RINKYDINK
STEEL ARMOR PIERCING SHELLS.

THEY RIDDLE HUCKABUCK PLATES THROUGH
AND THROUGH.

The friends of Captain Rinkydink, inventor of the famous Rinkydink projectile, were jubilant last night



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EVENING THINGS UP.

OLD PARTY (reprimanding him).—You told me that if I gave you the dime you would n't spend it for drink. You did n't keep your word.

THE OTHER ONE.—Well; I did n't keep de dime neider, did I?

over the showing of his wonderful armor-piercing shells at the Government testing grounds at Indian Head, yesterday. Five shots only were fired at a 15-inch Huckabuck plate. The first three were fired at a velocity of 1,300 feet per second, the last two at 1,500 feet. Brown hexagonal powder was used. The result was beyond the most sanguine expectations of Captain Rinkydink, himself. The mighty Huckabuck plate, said to be the best in the world, was riddled like an old cheese, and cracked and shattered from side to side. As a result of the wonderful showing of the new projectile, the government immediately closed a contract for two large lots.

The use of the Rinkydink shells will make our new navy a veritable invincible armada, as they will pierce the thickest armor plate of the enemy like so much paper.

R. L. M.

THE NEW DRAGON.

The fairy prince bowed him low.

"Sweet lady," quoth he, "I have slain the dragon that did thee beleaguer."

"Poor Auntie!" sighed the fairy princess. And so they were married.

HIS FORTE.

JIMMY.—Do you like your job?

TOMMY.—No; I don't like nothin' about it, 'cept sometimes when you have to go and wait for a man that ain't in.

MUSEUM AMENITIES.

"I hunger for a glance of your eyes," he whispered. The multitude heard him not, and wondered to see the Fat Woman looking daggers at the Sword Swallower.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS — \$, \$, \$, \$, \$.

THE WIDOW'S mite is a very favorite form of charity — with those that have plenty.

THE NEW Woman is an old pill with a new coating, which man is expected to swallow.

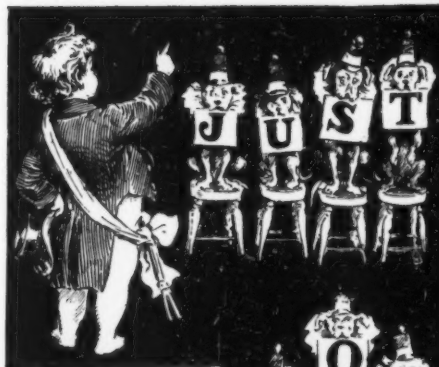


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HOW SHE LOOKED.

MRS. INNIT.—How do you think I look in my new bathing-suit?

MR. INNIT.—You don't look in it at all. You look out of it, — entirely too much out of it — to my thinking!



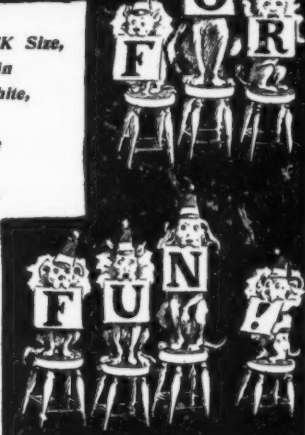
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Gen'l Pass. Agent,
MILWAUKEE, Wis.

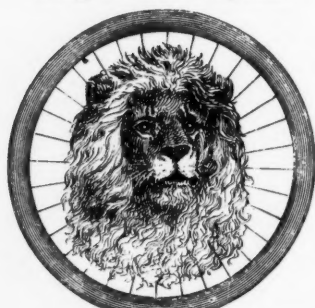
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Eastern Branch: 79 Reade St. & 97 Chambers St., N. Y.
THE C. F. GUYON CO., Ltd., Managers.

A MAN is foolish to tackle a trolley car. The car is sure to come out on top.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

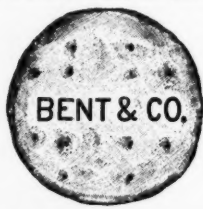
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NATIONAL JEWELLING CO., 55 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY.

VISITOR (at blind asylum). — I thought this institution was for both sexes, but I see only men here. Have you no female inmates!

MATRON. — Oh, yes; but they've all been rented out for chaperons.—*New York Weekly.*

"Ah, Lillie!" said the newspaper humorist's little daughter, when the sawdust began oozing out of a rent in her doll; "you have been living on plenty of fine board, I see." — *Norristown Herald.*

HE. — Jet adore!
SHE. — Shut it yourself. — *Ann Arbor Wrinkle.*

A WARM BATH WITH CUTICURA SOAP



And a single application of **CUTICURA**, the great skin cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, economical, and permanent cure of the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp diseases, after physicians, hospitals, and all else fail.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: **NEWBERRY, 4, King Edward St., London.** **POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP.,** Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

YEAST. — I understand Colonel Trotter is a great believer in tree planting.

CRIMSONBEAK. — Yes; I guess he thinks we'll have another war, some day.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "de folks dat finds it de habdest ter git deir minds off'n money am de leas' successful in gittin' dah hands onter it." — *Washington Star.*

WHEN we go to heaven, we hope we will not find any male angels there wearing side-whiskers.—*Atchison Globe.*

NO MAN can be perfect — not even a perfect chump. — *West Union Gazette.*

POPULAR NOVELS

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packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them, delivered **FREE.**

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ALWAYS A WAY. — I.

HOTEL-KEEPER. — John, you can't take all three bundles at one trip; you'll have to come back again.

GAVE IT UP.

MRS. URBAN. — So you feared to remain in the country any longer. Were you afraid of tramps?

MRS. LAWNVILLE. — No; I was afraid of the terrible dogs we had to have to scare tramps.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

DON'T gloat over the applause of the multitude until you have seen a dog and a tin can pass a crowd. *Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

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THAT FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL.

They are the only half-hose that fit well, because they are the only half-hose that are **SO KNITTED AS TO FIT.**

They are the only half-hose that look well and wear well, because they are the only half-hose that fit well and because they are made in the

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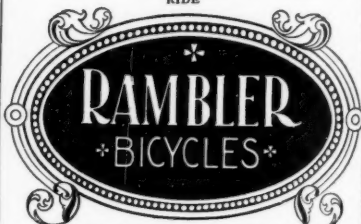
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"He does? He met the second one in Chicago." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

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Samples and rules for self-measuring for the asking.

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You invariably ask is life worth living when you pay a doctor's bill.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



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For Grooming Horses, Dogs and Cows. No Brush or Comb. No Flics, Fleas, Lice, Mange or Dandruff. Keeps hair like velvet. Ask your dealer, or one gallon shipped on receipt of \$1.50. One gallon will clean horse 250 times. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for booklet free.

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OLD EDITOR.—Well, write a political leader, to rest yourself.—*New York Weekly.*

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EPPS'S

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COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

A THOROUGHbred is a man who forgets that he has on new clothes.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St. Chicago.



ALWAYS A WAY.—II.

LAUNDRYMAN.—John Hop Lung, he plenty blains—he find way.

The New Model Number

6

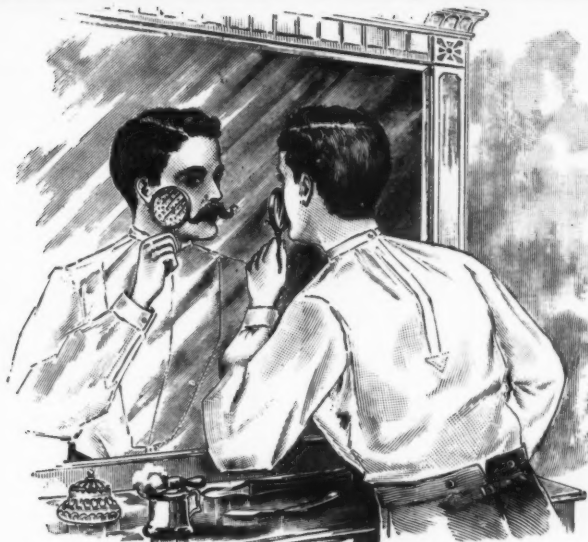
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Look into the matter—carefully—thoughtfully.

Pores—!

Do you realize what they are—how numerous—how very hungry and thirsty? Little mouths of the skin—constantly drinking—drinking—eating—eating—everything within reach.

Nothing comes nearer the skin than your SHAVING SOAP—! You apply it with the brush—and, as it were, force it into those willing little mouths. Is your Shaving Soap PURE? Are you using the famous—

"WILLIAMS'" SHAVING SOAPS?

It is well to remember that for a good deal over HALF A CENTURY—these soaps have been made by the same firm—in the same place—and with the same scrupulous regard for every detail in manufacture.

It is worth something to know—that in the thousands of Tons of these Soaps—which have been sent all over the world—NOT ONE OUNCE of impure fats or other objectionable—dangerous matter—was ever contained.

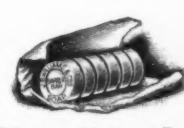
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Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.



Strong, metal-lined case. For tourists' and travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take



This is the kind your Barber should use. It is also most excellent for Toilet use—Tons of it sold yearly to families. 6 cakes in a package—40c.

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"Could I have another Glass of that
HIRES' Rootbeer

Give the children as much Hires' Rootbeer as they want. Take as much as you want, yourself. There's no harm in it—nothing but good.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons.

The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.

OUT of ten excuses, nine are lies.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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Our SOUVENIR OF FASHIONS Free. Write for one, examine at your leisure, then see your Outfitter. CLUETT, COON & CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

A MAN thinks he knows it all, until a woman begins to enlighten him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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For purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.

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OUT OF THE MARKET.

GUEST.—Who is this Miss Highmind that all the ladies are so enthusiastic over? I never before knew of a woman whom every other woman spoke well of.

HOST.—She is a very fine old lady, now in her ninety-ninth year.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Millions drink Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne every year, and the numbers are rolling up with a rush.

A CORRESPONDENT of a poultry journal asks: "Have hens enough instinct to distinguish between a real egg and the porcelain counterfeit?" We think they have. A hen never lays a porcelain egg.—*Norristown Herald.*

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It is the Best.

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"Have you had that printing done in which we refer to the silver tones of the tenor?" asked the manager of the opera company.

"Not yet," replied the agent.

"Well, have them put that line in the biggest type they can get. We play Denver week after next."—*Washington Star.*

ROKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

MODERN.

"I guess," said the sharp-nosed girl, "that I will take the wind out of her sails."

"Why," asked the fluffy girl, "don't you be up-to-date and say take the wind out of her tires?"—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Pears'

Pears' soap takes care of the skin, and the skin takes care of the rest of us.

There are plenty of other soaps, but none without alkali.

Arnold Constable & Co. Country House Furnishings.

Chinese and Japanese Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Swiss Curtains, Muslin Draperies, Shades, Slip Covers, Chintzes, Cretonnes, Table Linens, Sheetings, Towels and Towellings.

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Fit, Style, Comfort, Durability.

One Million Men are Wearing Them.

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Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

NESTOR CIGARETTES ARE THE RAREST INCENSE OF A MOST LUXURIOUS AGE



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

SISTER.—There, you have the candy all over your new suit! What will Mama say?

LITTLE BROTHER.—Well, Mama won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

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is the motto of the present time. By using the

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Cuffs, Collars and Shirts are saved.

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grace of face and form spoiled only by a few superfluous hairs that can be easily, permanently removed by JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d St., New York.

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THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.

Wonderfully true to nature and more lasting than any other scent of its name. Distilled from freshly gathered Rhine Violets. A specialty par excellence.

All the rage in Europe at the present time.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York, U. S. Agents.

Mental Depression

Relieved by

Bromo-Seltzer

Trial Size 10c.

A THEORY. "What makes 'em call Boston the hub?" "I guess it's because it's such a centre for 'wheels,'" replied the vulgarian who thinks Browning is nonsense.—*Washington Star.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St. All kinds of Paper made to order.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Whispers HEARD. Help ears as glasses help eyes. F. Hlacz, 555 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

FULLY EXPLAINED. TEACHER.—Why is the diameter of the earth greater at the equator than at the poles? TOMMY.—I guess the heat at the equator swells it up is the reason.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

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THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI


**FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES**

Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

**Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS
and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.**

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.



**They all like it.
The ladies like it
So do the men.
Even children
Enjoy it.**

Some like a large one.
Others like them small.
Some like a loose one.
And some like them all.

But to us it matters not, as we make them in all sizes and can furnish you anything you wish in a

**LAYMAN PNEUMATIC
SPORTING AND OUTING BOAT.**

To hear of it is to want one, and to see it is to buy one. Send 4c in stamps for illustrated catalogue and price list. (Lady in attendance.)

H. D. LAYMAN, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE business man who does not advertise is often caught in the act of counterfeiting prosperity.—*West Union Gazette.*

A WOMAN is irresistible only when she does n't know it.—*Detroit Free Press.*




Trilby Scarf Pin.
ALL THE FAGE IN NEW YORK.
Sterling Silver or Roman effect.
Sent postpaid on receipt of six two-cent stamps.
Ask for Illustrated Catalogue of Men's Furnishings, Clothing, Hats and Shoes.
BRILL BROTHERS,
211 6th Ave., N. Y. City.
Clark C., Mail Order Dep't.

A "conversation" bicycle is the latest French device in wheels. From its name, it is thought to be a lady's bicycle.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE cyclone's motto—Get off the Earth.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

SMALL COMFORT.

LITTLE DOT.—Teacher says we need n't all learn to write the same hand.
MAMA.—That pleases you, doesn't it?
LITTLE DOT.—Why, no! It's just as hard to learn to write one way as another. Now, if she'd only tell us we need n't all spell the same way, there'd be some comfort in it.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



Food is fuel to the body.
"Best" Tonic, Pabst Malt Extract, secures perfect consumption of this fuel; hence perfect health, strength and beauty. It soothes the most wakeful to delicious slumber. At Druggists.

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

SOME of the papers talk about Spring as if they owned it.—*West Union Gazette.*

FLEMING'S

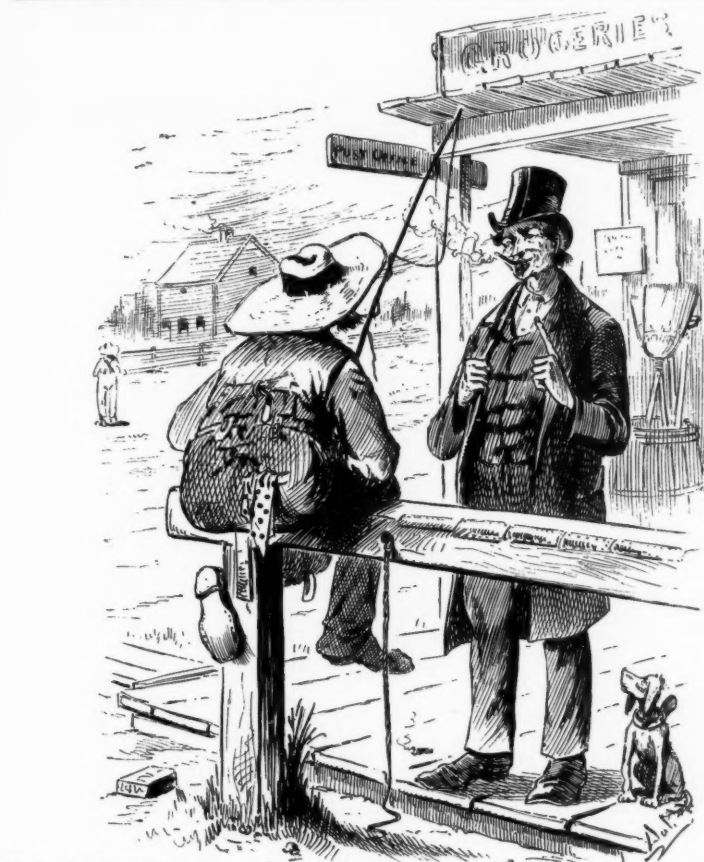
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Guaranteed 8 Years Old.
FINEST RYE WHISKEY IN AMERICA.
Full Quarts, \$1.50
1 doz. Case, \$15.00
SAMPLE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

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DISTILLERS,
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Sold by all First-class Cafés, Grocers and Druggists.

THE POWER OF MELODY.
The music sweet falls soft and low,
Hark! how its cadence seems to dwell!
Echoed back and to and fro,
So clear in each melodious swell.
Oh, solace of the Even hour,
How soft thy mellow notes can fall!
Moved by the sweet spell of thy power
Each heart is touched at thy clear call.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Oh, saddened hearts
Pain swept till music's soothing psalm
In hours of sadness thus imparts
A lasting, peaceful, holy calm,
No tears save those of joy shall start
Or sorrow stay, while falls thy balm!



ALL ON SIDE-HILLS.

An Illinois man, who has been traveling in Vermont, was not favorably impressed with the scenery.
"Why, b' gosh," he said; "thar ain't a prairie in the hull dinged state that ain't tilted up to an angle of bout forty-five degrees."

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an appetizer, use BOKER'S BITTERS.

To keep your digestive organs in order, get a bottle of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

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Boys' All Pure
Wool Suit,
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Worth \$5.00, for

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Men's Light Weight

Straw Hats

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Soft or Flat Brims,

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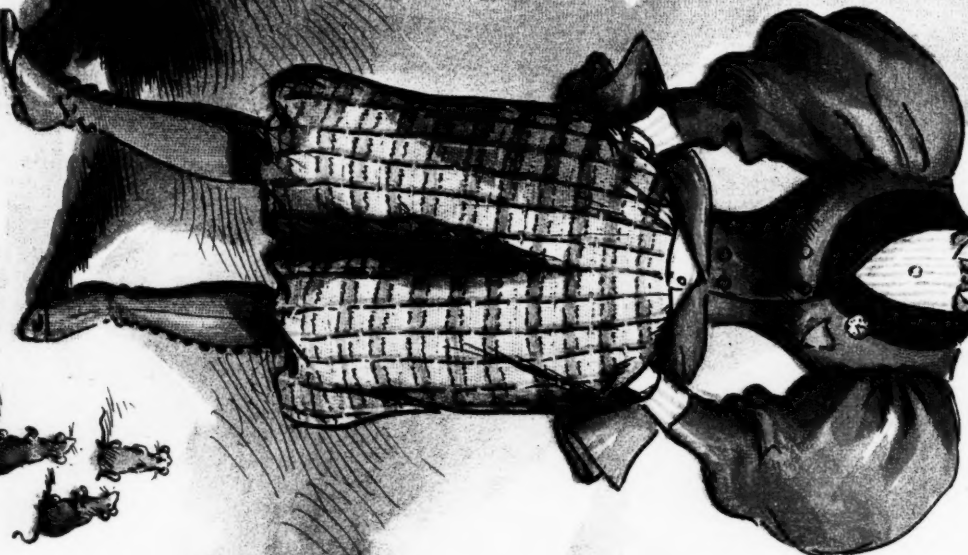
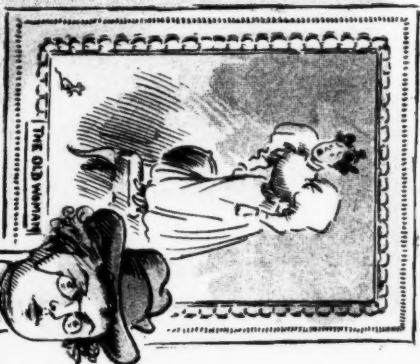
The "new" Servant Girl:—
her Sunday out.



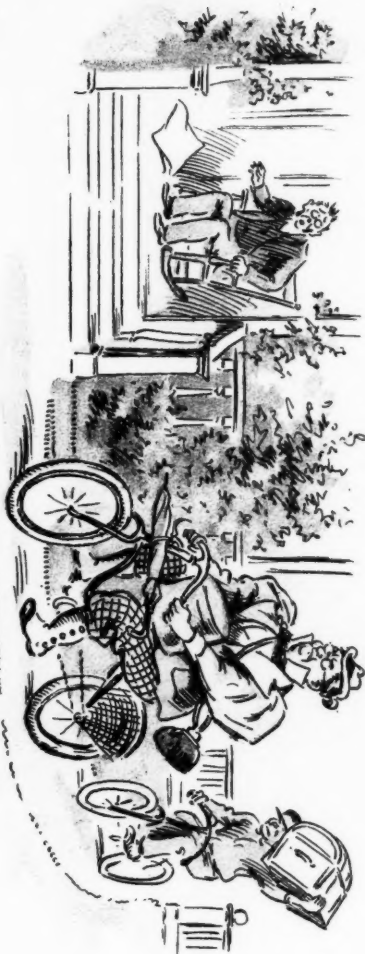
The "new" Washerwoman.



The "new" Nurse-Girl.



THE "NEW WOMAN."



The "new" Mother-in-Law, arriving for a long visit.



The "new" Salvation Army Lassies.



The "new" Widow.

THE "NEW WOMAN" AND HER BICYCLE.—THERE WILL BE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF HER.

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J. P. Colburn